anything about the graveyard that could cheer our hearts, but much to sadden them.

There came a time, at last, when we all ~~knew~~ realized that imminent disaster was hovering over us. — Nothing had been paid on the graveyard & the six hundred dollars would soon fall due. Old Marlow got to haunting the place with his evil eye. He would intrude in the most unexpected way & remind Mr. Cadaver to get ready to move out of the house if the money was not forthcoming on

the appointed day.

How the days flew! Once Mr. Cadaver appealed to him for a little time.

"Time!" cried old Marlow. "What on!"

"My business, Mr. Marlow."

"Business! Fish! You have none. What are your assets? Come — show them up, man."

Mr. Cadaver showed him his list of coffins & other stock, & also a list of neighbors who were very low. These latter Mr. Marlow derided — laughed over the list heartily. Said he —